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"HE THAT THOLES, OVERCOMES."

ONE can go nowhere without gaining wisdom, if he only hold himself open to receive it. The above sagacious aphorism is inscribed, in contracted and hardly intelligible characters, over the door of a very ancient house in the West Bow of Edinburgh, a street where we might expect to meet nothing now-a-days but spectacles of misery and vice.* He that tholes—that is, he who endures without flinching—overcomes: he who, however sorely afflicted, however sorely tried with calamity, suffers his pains with patience and manly fortitude, triumphs over them, and is in reality the same as if it were not his fate to be so tried. How profoundly philosophical is this maxim, or, to use a French phrase literally, which is applied metaphorically to something slightly different, this wisdom of the streets! † What, we cannot help reflecting, must have been those personal circumstances which induced the man who built this house—probably a burgher of the sixteenth century—to inscribe his property with a phrase breathing such a spirit! Whether he conceived it in his own mind, or adopted it from some other source, he must have been himself, one would suppose, a singular and conspicuous instance of the victory which patience ever achieves over all trials, those of the body as well as those of the mind. Perhaps the acquisition of the wealth which enabled him to build this house, was the result of some remarkable exertion of his powers of endurance; and, looking upon the house as the best monument of his achievement, he thus inscribed it in a modest spirit of triumph, and with the hope, perhaps, that a maxim enforced by such a story as his would occasionally prove a support to the sinking spirits of future sufferers. If such were his views, they have long been frustrated by the treachery of time; for not only is the history of this man now unknown, but the inscription is so obscure, both in language and orthography, that it must be a mystery to almost all who are in the habit of seeing it, notwithstanding that its sense could never have been so useful or requisite as in these latter times, when the house and all around it are inhabited by an infinitely poorer class of people than at any former period. It is for the purpose of reversing its fate, and rendering it as clear to the world as ever, that we have taken notice of it in this place.

At all periods of life we are liable to troubles, some of which we can partly obviate and alleviate by prudent management, while others are so entirely beyond our control, that we can neither prevent them from coming upon us, nor obtain relief from them after they have taken effect. The commercial schemes, which we have planned with the most guarded caution, and watched over with unremitting care, may be blasted by some casualty, either unforeseen, or which we had to lay our account with, at the commencement, as incidental to the mode which had been assigned to us of gaining our daily bread. Hopes still tenderer to the heart may be crushed and blighted: beings who were dearer to us than our own life may be reft from us by sudden or by slow decay: sickness may befall ourselves, or our frames may be stricken with some of those severe calamities which medical science can only look upon and despair. To

such and to many other calamities are we, in this imperfect state of being, daily and hourly exposed. Let us never forget, however, that all affliction is capable of being increased or diminished by the way in which we receive it; the weak suffering much additional distress from the reverberation of pain, so to speak, within their own agitated minds, while those possessed of fortitude, like travellers who stare a beast of prey out of countenance, turn off a great part of the danger by boldly encountering it. Do not yield to evils, says the classic maxim, but go the more daringly against them. In fact, the philosophy of this question is the same as that of a great battle, where there is always less aggregate danger to the party which stands firm than to that which gives way; the cowards being always cut down ingloriously in the flight. It may be said that many are not so framed as to encounter evils with firmness; but this is liable to great error. No one knows what degree of firmness he possesses till he musters it up by an exertion of the understanding. If he do not attempt to muster it up, he may sink needlessly into despair, and, consequently, into greater evils, for want of that which he really has. There can be no doubt that in these cases the will can be forced, if we will only try; for (if we may be allowed such an illustration) there is hardly any instance of a malefactor, who, timid in ordinary circumstances, did not display the most perfect resignation to the last award of the law, when assured that there was no hope of its being reversed. If the worst of evils can call up this firmness, why should we permit lesser distresses to overpower us? It is fairly allowable in such cases, we think, to call in the aid even of vanity, and, seeking applause from our fellow-creatures for the heroism with which we meet our trials, gain that patience of which the reverse is often called up through the same means. But it were better if we could uniformly derive our powers of endurance from an inward and unostentatious constancy of spirit, which, based upon conscious rectitude of intentions, regards calamity as only a trial of the better part of man. And, after all, there is no evil in the world, excepting remorse, for which there is not some immediate, and often a corresponding palliative. The genius of human suffering resembles the serpent, which is said to be always closely attended by another creature, bearing a balsam to cure its bites. As this stern spirit walks over the earth, casting her darts here and there, numberless beneficent genii hover over her path, whose duty it is to pour balm into the wounds which she has made. Wherever there is a deficiency in these remedial processes, it may be supplied by a religious patience, which is always at the command of a well-regulated mind, and the want of which may be described as almost the only calamity that is really to be deplored.

The maxim may be not only enforced in this general way, but there are many special circumstances in human life, and many classes of human beings, to whom its moral might be specially applied. We would particularly instance the young, who, from their ardent and effervescent character, are not apt to have much power of *tholing*. In this large and interesting class of persons, there are many whose natural sagacity and perseverance enable them to bear up with much patience against the obstacles with which almost every young man is tried before he can vindicate his title to consideration and employment. But, on the other hand, many more are of a soft, self-indulgent, and self-adoring character; and if they do not find every difficulty give way at their approach, their pride takes offence, they sink back into sloth or into equally fatal indecision, and perhaps are lost for ever. It should be impressed on every young person, that, in general,

much must be done, and long delay must be endured, before they can be even put into the way of accomplishing what they desire. There is no "Open Sesame," as they may imagine, to make the portals of prosperity fly open to them; but fortune must be wooed with a solicitude and a patience proportioned to her proverbial character as the most coy and coquettish of all beings, real or imaginary, who ever bore the female form. Far more is done in the world, by negative qualities, than they could suppose. Only hold on—*thole*—living as moderately in the meantime as possible—and it cannot fail that, as others die off, some vacancy will occur into which you will be admitted: or you will gradually be acquiring a preference, and accumulating reputation and respect, by mere *standing*, which is much the same thing. Every one must have observed that the brightest abilities at twenty have no chance against the consolidated reputation which may attend very moderate abilities at forty. This superiority, it is easy to see, has only been gained by *tholing*.

The precipitancy of youth is often shown in a very amusing manner in their affairs of the heart. When the human being arrives at about twenty, he gets dreadfully afraid that the world will run past him unenjoyed. As he grows older, he always becomes the more sensible that there is plenty of time for all the enjoyments of life, and therefore the less eager does he become to grasp them. Hence no bachelor at thirty-six is nearly so much afraid that he will be late in *settling in life*, as the generality of those who number exactly half that amount of years. And hence, after thirty-six, the chances of a bachelor changing his condition—at least in a way that will not excite the ridicule of society—always become less and less. This excessive eagerness in youth ought to be by all means controlled, so far as it does not conduce to real advancement in the world, for it is but too apt to be inconsistent with that patience which, without doubt, is the best part of the battle of life.

HAMPTON COURT.

It is a beautiful morning in June; scarcely one little soft white cloud rests on the wide blue horizon; the smoke rising from the great world of houses, after hovering in mid air, is gradually dispersing in an easterly direction; the ladies assure you that the weather is delightful and settled, and that the party is certain to have a most beautiful day to go to Hampton Court. So off we set. One, two, three, four—we are all in the coach; the steps are drawn up, the door closed, and in a minute we find ourselves whirled along towards one of the western outlets of the town. In a westerly direction from London, the roads are excellent and pleasant: the long dull lines of brick streets cease, but detached houses and villages succeed in apparently endless variety for a distance of many miles, as if there were a struggle betwixt town and country for supremacy.

Hampton Court is one of the royal residences of England, and being situated at the distance of only thirteen miles from London, in a very beautiful part of the country, on the north bank of the Thames, it is a fit object of interest to be visited by strangers in the metropolis. In about an hour and a half after leaving town, you enter the village of Hampton Court, which consists of a few houses of brick, large and small, with barracks for horse soldiers; the whole being overhung and environed with tall trees, mostly horse-chestnuts, whose broad green leaves and shadowy recesses give a sylvan aspect to a scene essentially English. After alighting at the "King's Arms,"

* It is necessary, for the sake of the greater part of our readers, to mention, that, in the older part of the Scottish capital, many of the houses exhibit pious inscriptions over the doorways, generally texts of Scripture. The above is of a rare character, being a moral apothegm: it is noticed in "Traditions of Edinburgh," vol. i. 143.

† The French speak of what we understand by the term "common sense," as *le sens qui court les rues*—the sense which runs the streets.

where, I have no doubt, you will take care to bespeak dinner against the time you return from your walk through the royal domain, you proceed towards the palace by one of the large gateways, from which, through some fine shadowy shrubberies and open walks, you are introduced to the centre of the grounds, where the royal structure is situated.

The palace of Hampton Court, in external appearance, is a lofty and magnificent structure of red brick, ornamented with pale freestone cornices and edgings to the doors and windows, a row of the latter above the first floor being circular; and the whole contour conveying the idea of a house of William the Third's reign, in which time the edifice underwent nearly a total renovation and a very considerable extension. The palace altogether consists of three grand quadrangles, with open courts, one of which bears a close resemblance to, and I believe formed a model for, the inner court of Holyroodhouse at Edinburgh. Around this court are piazzas, with stone pillars, and from which covered ways, passages ascend to the apartments above. The grand staircase is one of the widest any where to be met with. The walls and roof are covered with continuous paintings of emblematic figures, illustrative of allegorical subjects, as well as representing the Roman Cæsars in their proper costume, but so gross and stupid in their appearance, that they would disgrace the walls of the meanest dwelling.

The visitor now enters a suite of lofty and large apartments, mostly panelled and floored with oak, and containing hardly any furniture. The only seats are a kind of footstools; the ample fire-places are destitute of grates, but in some the ancient fire-irons, called *dogs*, for the support of logs of wood, are still extant. What are called the "presence-chambers," or rooms in which levées are held, are decorated in better style, with wide canopies over the chairs of state. The beds in the royal sleeping apartments are lofty structures, with coverlets, hangings, and other furniture, of rich satin or silk, of different colours. All these, and other apartments shown to strangers, form a suite going round the building, each room entering from the other without the intervention of passages, that is, not reckoning the numerous secret and partly concealed doors leading to various back stairs and private entrances.

You are first introduced into the guard-room, the walls of which are ornamented with ancient warlike instruments, and paintings of a number of English admirals, by Kneller and Dahl. In the next apartment are seen portraits of various beauties of the court of England, painted also by Kneller, who has here depicted several lovely countenances, though a sameness runs through the whole, and none are so striking as to leave any impression. In the third room is seen what we esteem the finest painting in the house—a portrait of Charles the First on horseback, by Vandyke—and which ought to be seen, in order to have a just appreciation of that great master's admirable style. There is also an excellent painting of Bandinelli in his studio, by Corregio. The third room, or audience chamber, has also some good pictures; among others, a painting of the family of Louis Cornaro, a person celebrated for his extraordinary temperance. The picture, which is from an original, by Titian, shows Cornaro and three generations of descendants, who appear in the act of adoration at a shrine. There are likewise portraits of Titian and his uncle, done by Titian himself, and a spirited battle piece, by Julio Romano.

The fourth apartment, or king's drawing-room, is enriched with an exceedingly fine painting of Charles the First, a whole length, by Vandyke, esteemed the best likeness we have of that monarch. It has been copied and engraved by Sir Robert Strange, a distinguished Scottish artist, who, though a staunch Jacobite and adherent of Prince Charles Stuart in 1745, had the good fortune to be warmly patronised by George the Third. In the next room, or state bed-chamber, the visitor will see a beautiful portrait of Anne Hyde, daughter of Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and mother of the successive queens, Mary and Anne. The king's dressing-room and writing-closet, and Queen Mary's state bed-chamber, which follow, contain many fine pictures, by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, Sebastian del Piombo, Louis da Vinci, Albert Dürer, and others.

After having traversed these stately and silent halls, the visitor is led out through a long, dreary, ill-lighted apartment, the walls of which are ornamented with what at first sight he may suppose very wretched daubs of painting. Yet these faded colourless pictures are the famous cartoons of Raffaele—productions whose praises have resounded over the whole civilized world.* Whatever may be the merits of these famous paintings, they are quickly going to decay; and if not restored by applications necessary to preserve them, will ere long fall in tatters from the walls, or at least lose all character as emanations of the mind of him who has been enthusiastically termed "the Divine Raffaele."†

* They are called *cartoons*, because they are done on paper, the Latin name of which is *charta*.

† Unfortunately for the visitor of taste, little time is allowed to inspect these and the other works of art. To a pampered and mercenary man, who does not even deign to look towards the portraits, which so coolly indicates with a key, the treasures of his office, the duty of exhibiting this British gallery of paintings seems to have been committed. The visitor is not allowed to depart without paying a certain fee; and such is the rapidity with which party succeeds party, that we would estimate five pounds

Hampton Court palace was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey, and a portion of the structure which he reared is still extant in the northern quadrangle. Here was the scene of the humiliation and forfeiture of that favourite of Henry the Eighth, who at this place often held his court, and made it the scene of his Christmas festivities—here Edward the Sixth was born—here were held the masques, and mummeries, and tournaments of Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth—here James the First held his court and famous meeting of controversialists—here Charles the First was immured as a state prisoner, and took leave of his children—here was celebrated the marriage of Cromwell's daughter and Lord Falconberg—here Charles the Second had occasionally his impure residence—here lived William and Mary after the revolution of 1688—and here, till the reign of George the Second, royal courts were sometimes held. In the present day, the private apartments are the residence of certain impoverished ladies of quality, and others connected with the royal household.

In front of the palace, to the south and westward towards the Thames, which flows in a sweep round the domain within a short distance, the grounds are laid out in extensive broad walks and parterres, having an air of courtly grace peculiar to some of the old baronial gardens. There are also various extensive avenues of tall leafy trees, which, in their cool shade, offer an acceptable relief from the glare of a summer sun on the flat gravel walks and borders. Just within one of the outer gateways is a labyrinth, formed by hedge-rows, and, by extending a mile in length in an almost inextricable though regular maze, affords an exquisite amusement to the parties of Londoners who come hither to spend a holiday.

THE OUTCAST,

A TALE.

SUCH of our Scottish readers as were personally familiar with the transactions and incidents during the late war, may remember a small building that stood at the end of one of the streets of Leith, at the door of which the union jack was seen flying from morning till night. It was the rendezvous of the "press-gang," whilst employed in their revolting occupation ashore, and where they were regularly locked in every night, to prevent the risk of collision between them and the citizens, to whom they were, as a matter of course, particularly obnoxious.

The commanding officer on the station, at the period of the following incident, was a man peculiarly unfitted, by inclination at least, for the duties imposed on him in the impressment proceedings, being of a most humane and kind disposition. He was, besides, a native of Leith, where he resided in a house of his own, unless when his presence was necessarily required on board. He had also a private room in the round-house (as it may be termed) above mentioned, where he attended with great punctuality, in order that his presence might prove a check to the brutal and licentious natures of the "press-gang"—the most reckless and desperate characters amongst the crew being, as is well known, always selected for the worse than slave-traffic in which they were employed.

In the above room, then, Captain Gillespie was seated one evening, when he was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with him, and, as his desire, the stranger was introduced. He was evidently a mere youth, slightly and elegantly made, and was very fashionably dressed. Captain Gillespie was particularly struck with the handsome, and, as he thought, feminine cast of his features—a peculiarity that corresponded well with the soft and silvery tones of his voice, when, after considerable hesitation, he stated the purpose of his visit. This was no other than to request that he might be taken on board a man-of-war to serve as a common sailor! Captain Gillespie expressed no little astonishment at one of his tender age and elegant appearance having adopted so strange a resolution, and begged to question him as to his motives for so doing—whether he had reflected sufficiently on the consequences of such a step, the hardships he must endure, and so forth. The youth declined giving any explanation on these points, and merely reiterated his determination of entering the navy. The worthy officer was exceedingly moved at the youth's situation. He was evidently of a superior rank in life, had been carefully and delicately brought

up; and his replies showed that he knew nothing at all of the world. The captain, however, secretly felt more compassion than surprise at the circumstance. He knew that instances were then of frequent occurrence, of young men of the very best families, whose ardent and untutored imaginations were blown into enthusiasm by the inflated and high-coloured accounts every day put forth of our splendid naval triumphs, and with heads filled with visions of glory, and hearts with patriotism, leaving all the comforts and elegancies of home behind, little dreaming of the rough ordeal they must undergo in the path to eminence or glory.

Such an instance did the kind-hearted officer conclude was now before him; and knowing from experience all the rough realities of his profession, he endeavoured to persuade the young enthusiast to abandon, or at least postpone, his resolution; but finding all his arguments unavailing, he determined to give him a foretaste, at least, of the sort of company he would have to associate with on board. When the junior officer, therefore, came on shore to relieve him for the night, he ordered him to lock the young man into the same apartment with the rascals of the press-gang; and directed, also, that he should be brought to his house next morning at breakfast time.

The youth accordingly appeared at the appointed hour, and Captain Gillespie saw, at a glance, that the experiment he had tried had not been without its effect, or rather that it had succeeded much beyond what he had intended. In fact, he was shocked at the alteration which he saw in the young man's features since the preceding evening, and almost repented the plan he had put in practice. He shook him kindly by the hand, and then, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, requested to know if he still adhered to his determination of becoming a sailor. For a while the young man sat mute and rigid as marble, and seemed totally unconscious of the meaning of the words addressed to him, but at last fell on his knees before Captain Gillespie, and in a passion of tears and sobs, so violent as seemed almost to rend his frame, disclosed—what his compassionate hearer had already begun distantly to suspect—that the unhappy young creature before him was—a female!

Captain Gillespie raised the suppliant before him, and endeavoured to soothe her by all the persuasion he was master of, but it was long before he succeeded. When at length she became composed enough to speak, she frankly told her short and simple tale:—She was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of considerable property in a neighbouring county. About six months previous to the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, a young relative, a lieutenant in the navy, had obtained leave for a short visit to her father's house. The young officer had but lately obtained his commission, was consequently in high spirits, and being quite an enthusiast in his profession, could speak of nothing else but the scenes and battles—for he had already seen a deal of hard fighting—in which he had been engaged, depicting them, of course, in the most glowing colours that a young and ardent imagination could suggest. In these details, although listened to with due attention, and perhaps interest, by the rest of the family, the young sailor found none who evidently sympathised, as it were, with his own feelings, but the youngest of his cousins, of whom there were four, all daughters. It was natural, therefore, that he should show a preference to her company in comparison with her sisters, although his predilection arose solely from the vain-glorious pleasure of having a ready, a delighted listener. Any thing like love-addresses he had never once offered to her (and it afterwards, indeed, appeared that his affections were pre-engaged), but his buoyant spirits, and joyous language—his aspirations after naval fame—his handsome and animated countenance, together with the decided partiality he displayed for her society—all these wrought upon the young and simple girl's imagination, to a degree of which she was not herself conscious until he was gone. It was then, and for the first time, she felt how much her happiness was at the disposal of another, and what a dreary blank the world appeared without his presence. Time, perhaps, might have enabled her to regain her equanimity, but she was subjected to distress from other sources. Her father—a cold, austere man, a stern disciplinarian in his family, and who regarded any unbending from that rigid demeanour of stately and ceremonious reserve which was the rule of his own deportment, as alike an infraction of moral propriety and a derogation from his rank—had observed with swelling indignation his daughter's artless admiration of her cousin, and, at the departure of the latter, let loose the full measure of his wrath upon her. Her sisters, too, whose minds were formed on their father's model, and burned, moreover, with spite and jealousy at the preference shown by any eligible and marriageable man to one younger than themselves, persecuted her without mercy. The poor girl's life soon became so wretched, between her domestic troubles and her love for her absent cousin, that she at last determined to fly from her father's house, and follow her lover to sea. So ignorant was she of worldly matters, that, hearing that a "frigate of war" was lying in Leith roads, the name of which she never had heard of except from the lips of her cousin, she simply concluded he must be there, and had accordingly applied, as we have seen, to be accepted as his shipmate.

Such was the simple story of the poor girl, who

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seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse at her folly, and with despair at the probable consequences of it. Captain Gillespie said all he could to console her; promised to write to her father for his forgiveness, which he was sure she would obtain; and tried to cheer her, by saying that her foolish prank would soon be forgotten. But her agitation and distress only broke out afresh. She knew, she said, her father too well to think there was any hope of his mercy; and even if he did forgive her, her sisters would break her heart with their taunts and reproaches. No other course, however, was left to her new and kind-hearted friend; and he accordingly wrote off the same day to Mr Hume (for such was his name), informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging all he could to deprecate his indignation, and palliate his daughter's conduct, which, he assured him, she most deeply repented. He also had the weeping runaway removed immediately to the house of a female relation in the neighbourhood, where every attention was paid her.

Captain Gillespie waited anxiously for a reply to his letter, which he felt quite confident would be in the person of Mr Hume himself, rejoiced to discover and to take back his erring daughter to his arms. The answer, indeed, came punctually by return of post—his own letter enclosed in a blank cover! Captain Gillespie was thunderstruck. His honest and unsophisticated mind was quite unable to comprehend the possibility of such a thing. It presented human nature to him in a light which was perfectly new to him; and he examined his own letter and the envelope more than once, to make sure that the fact was really true. A parent to refuse forgiveness to a penitent child for such a mere act of youthful folly! Was it in the heart of erring man to do it? It was impossible. There must be some mistake—some misconception: he would write again. He wrote again accordingly, repeating what he had stated in his former letter, and adding every thing else he could think of in mitigation of his fair charge's indiscretion. He concluded by remarking—which was the fact—that she seemed fast sinking under her misery; and begged him, as a Christian and a parent, to hasten to her relief, and save her life by pronouncing his forgiveness. It was in vain. His letter was again returned to him as before, with, however, the following laconic note in the envelope:—"Mr Hume knows no such individual as that referred to in the enclosed, and begs that no more communications may be sent to him regarding that individual." Captain Gillespie was staggered at this epistle, and certain suspicions began to arise in his mind. Could she be an impostor? Was it possible that one so young, so modest, and so heart-broken, could be deceiving him with a fabricated story? This he could not bring his mind to believe; but, on the other hand, reckoned it still more improbable that a parent could thus abandon his child to starvation or infamy. Was it that she had been guilty of some worse indiscretion than she had confessed, and was afraid to reveal it to him? He was puzzled for some time what to do or think, but he felt he had proceeded too far to let the matter rest where it was; and he concluded by determining to sift it to the bottom, and that without delay. He immediately made arrangements, therefore, for a day's absence from duty, and set out in a post-chaise for Mr Hume's residence.

He found that gentleman at home, and was received by him with that cold civility of aspect and manner with which he would have welcomed equally his warmest friend and his bitterest foe.

"My name is Captain Gillespie, of his Majesty's frigate the *Wasp*, stationed at Leith."

"Ah!—pray be seated, sir."

"I have written to you twice within the last week, upon a very painful subject to you, I dare say, Mr Hume. May I ask if you received my letters?"

"I did, sir."

"And pray, sir, may I beg to know what answer you have to make to them?"

"I have already answered them, sir."

"A blank sheet of paper is no answer, Mr Hume."

"There was something more than that accompanying your last returned epistle, sir."

"Then am I to understand that this young person has been imposing on me, and that you are really not her parent?"

"That I *was* her father, sir, I grieve to acknowledge; but I now disclaim the title. She is no longer a daughter of mine."

"Sir!—Why, that is strange doctrine, and quite beyond my understanding. Pray, sir, if she *was* your daughter, how do you make out that she is not so now?"

"Her own conduct, sir, is a sufficient explanation of the paradox."

"Then it is her conduct, Mr Hume, that I wish to get explained. Let us understand one another, sir, on that point, before saying another word, and allow me, in the first place, to relate to you the statement made to me by the unhappy girl herself of the circumstances which induced her to act so indiscreetly as she has done."

The worthy officer then recapitulated faithfully the story told him by Miss Hume, softening nothing that related to her own thoughtlessness or folly, but touching as slightly as possible on her statements respecting her father's severe reproaches for her partiality to her cousin, in order not to irritate his auditor. He concluded by asking if the narrative were true or false.

"It seems to be all very correct, sir," was the cold reply.

"And was there no aggravating circumstance connected with it, previous to her leaving your house?"

"None, sir, that I am aware of."

"Had she not previously been guilty of any flagrant misconduct to call down your anger?"

"Never, sir; she had always behaved as a daughter ought to do."

"And, in the name of all that is sacred, do you consider yourself warranted, by this single act of youthful imprudence, to cast off your own child for ever!"

"She cast *me* off, sir, and may, therefore, find a home and a father where she may. But, sir," continued Mr Hume, rising from his seat, "I will not submit to have my conduct questioned by any one, far less by a stranger. If your visit had reference to nothing else but this topic, I have to beg that it may terminate."

"Do you not consider yourself bound, sir," pursued Captain Gillespie, also rising, but with a swelling heart and a glowing cheek—"are you not bound, sir, by the ties of nature, by the mere sense of decency, to take back your erring child to your heart? Should you not reflect, sir, that her present folly may perhaps be owing to some neglect on your part in the training of her young mind, and that it is only the more imperative upon you, from what has now happened, to endeavour to instruct her understanding, confirm her principles, and, by parental lenity and kindness, to make her penitence for her error more lasting and salutary? She is yet pure and unspotted as when she left her mother's bosom. Surely, surely, sir, you make some distinction between folly and crime?"

"You have my answer, sir," was the only reply.

"And do you really mean to abandon her thus to the mercy—to the cruelty and villany rather—of the world, without protection, without subsistence?"

"I see every reason for believing," replied the other, in a significant tone, "that she will be at no loss for either."

The honest-hearted sailor started at the insinuation conveyed by these words, as if a shell had exploded at his feet.

"Sir," said he, unable to repress his indignation, "but for these grey hairs I would strike you beneath my feet! But you say right, sir," continued he, recovering himself; "you poor mourner shall not suffer for the cruelty of her unnatural parent. While it is in my power, she shall neither want assistance nor protection; nor shall it be my fault if she does not cease to forget that she owed her being to so callous-hearted a monster as you have proved yourself to be!"

And he kept his word. Upon his return home, he imparted the result of his interview to the unfortunate girl in as gentle terms as possible, and begged her, at the same time, to look to him as her future parent. The poor outcast could but sob her gratitude.

Captain Gillespie in a few weeks received orders to proceed to a foreign station; and seeing the daily decreasing health of his charge, he sought out a residence for her in a respectable family in a country town not many miles from the metropolis; and, at the same time, aware of the uncertainty of life in a profession like his, he deposited sufficient funds to secure the unfortunate a comfortable maintenance for life. He set sail, and never saw her more, having, subsequently to his return from abroad, married, and settled in England. The object of his benevolence lived for many years afterwards, but gradually declined, and at last sunk into the grave, there can be little doubt, from the effects of a broken heart. Not one of her relatives had ever deigned to inquire after her—and they even carried their vindictiveness beyond the grave. Upon being informed of her death, her generous benefactor hastened down to Scotland, for the purpose of seeing the last rites paid to her remains, and thought it but his duty to send a notification of the event to her parent, who was still alive; but no notice was taken of the intimation. Captain Gillespie, therefore, laid her head in the grave himself, assisted by a few friends, who were aware of all the circumstances that originated the connection between them, and who pitied the dead no less than they honoured the living.

It was from one of these mourners that we learned the particulars of this mournful tale, which in every part is related exactly as it reached us. In saying so, we are not practising one of those arts by which the writers of narratives, probable and otherwise, so often attempt to abuse the confidence of their readers. The story is positively true, and such, in our opinion, is its chief value, as its publicity in this place may perhaps raise a feeling of repentance in THAT UNNATURAL HEART, hitherto so obdurate. Such an anecdote cannot fail to suggest in every mind a reflection upon the guilt which may occasionally attach to a character, in every common respect held as above impeachment. A man may be, in the sense of the world, respectable, for the discharge of almost every obligation of life—may be, in fact, both moral and religious to the full degree required by the eye of the world; and yet he may, in a mere excess of certain feelings, which, in a moderate degree, might be laudable and beneficial, do that which all ordinary men would shudder at, or, as in the present case, make such omissions of duty, as, in a later and better state of heart, are fit to raise within him the most

exquisite tortures of remorse and despair. At the same time, the moral may be fitly drawn by the young and inexperienced, that one false step in life—one trifling aberration from the strictest rules of propriety, may be visited with a degree of punishment which no previous calculation could have anticipated, and which even on general principles of justice may be condemned.

THE DRAMA IN OLD TIMES.

SOPHOCLES.

THE Greek drama seems to have got such an impulse from Æschylus, that, in the very next age, it attained its greatest degree of perfection. During this period, although the country was distracted with the Peloponnesian war, which lasted nearly thirty years, there flourished two tragic writers of the greatest eminence, Sophocles and Euripides, besides Aristophanes, Cratinus, and Eupolis, as writers of comedies, which was a new style of dramatic composition, that now became conspicuous among the Athenians. At the same troubled period appeared Herodotus and Thucydides among the historians, and Socrates among the philosophers. Within the space of about half a century from the time when the regular drama commenced with Æschylus, there appeared Sophocles, Euripides, Cherillus, Aristarchus, Empedocles, Ion, Nomachus, and Cephedorus, who disputed for the prizes of tragic genius at the Olympic games before assembled Greece. The fertility of the genius of these writers appears immense, when we are told that Æschylus wrote seventy or eighty plays, Sophocles a hundred and twenty, Euripides ninety, Cherillus a hundred and fifty, and their rivals above mentioned nearly as many. The entire works of none of those authors have come down to posterity; but from those which have reached us of the three first, the great masters of the art, the general opinion has assigned the palm of sublimity to Æschylus, of pathos and sentiment to Sophocles, and of tragic art to Euripides.

Sophocles, the second of these great masters, was born at Calone, a village in the neighbourhood of Athens, about 497 years before Christ. His father, Sophilus, it appears, exercised the humble occupation of a blacksmith; but the education of his son was not neglected, as his early indications of genius were fostered, and his remarkable aptitude for the higher branches of literature were duly submitted to cultivation. At the same time, he devoted himself much to the accomplishments of music and dancing, in both of which arts he distinguished himself greatly, particularly at the time of the battle of Salamis, when, at the age of seventeen, he led a chorus of youths, in their musical performance, round a trophy erected in honour of that victory. At the usual age he chose the profession of arms, as being at that time more honourable, and probably more advantageous than any other, and had the honour to serve in the army under the celebrated commander Pericles. Here he soon became eminent for his valour and good conduct, so that he was appointed to a high military dignity, and is understood to have shared with his former leader, in several battles, the chief command of the Athenian armies. His services in the field were duly appreciated and rewarded by his fellow-citizens, who raised him to the high office of *Archon*, or chief magistrate of Athens, the duties of which he executed in a most efficient and creditable manner.

The first appearance of Sophocles as a dramatic writer left no room for doubting the splendour of his talents. The Athenians had captured the island of Scyros; and in order to celebrate that great event, a yearly contest for tragedy was instituted. Sophocles on this occasion, although he was but twenty-nine years of age, obtained the prize over many experienced competitors, in the number of whom was Æschylus, his former friend and preceptor. In domestic life he was not so fortunate as in his public career. His children, from an eager desire to get possession of his property, summoned him before the judges, for the purpose of proving him to be in dotage, and utterly incapable of managing his affairs. The old man appeared in court to repel this charge; and producing the tragedy of *Edipus Coloneus*, which he had just finished, asked his judges if the author of such a work could be justly taxed with insanity. The judges, indignant at the imputation which had been preferred against him, confirmed him in the possession of his rights: his ungrateful children were covered with shame and confusion; and the people who were present conducted him home in triumph. He died at the age of ninety-one, 406 years before the Christian era, and his death is said to have been caused by excessive joy at the success of his last piece, which gained the prize at the Olympic games—as his master Æschylus is reported to have died of grief for being foiled by him in his first. Lucian, the Greek writer of *Dialogues of the Dead*, however, says that Sophocles died by being accidentally choked with a grape-stone.

Of one hundred and twenty tragedies which Sophocles is said to have written, only seven are now remaining, viz. *Ajax*, *Electra*, *Philoctetes*, *Antigone*, *Trachiniae*, *Edipus Tyrannus*, and *Edipus Coloneus*.

In his dramas we trace a wonderful progress of the art, from its crude though sublime immaturity in the works of *Æschylus*. His plays have a noble, not a desolate, simplicity, like those of *Æschylus*; and he is far more happy in the conduct of his plots, which he rendered more interesting by being more artful, so as to waken attention, and keep it alive by tender, as well as terrible, emotions. It is remarked that he never acted himself in any of his plays, as *Æschylus* and *Euripides* were accustomed to do, his voice being too weak and low for the stage; though he attended always at the representation of his dramas, and on these occasions received invariably the applause of the audience. He was crowned twenty times; and though, like his brother poets, he often suffered from unjust censure, yet he never could be prevailed on, as his rivals were, to quit his native country, for which he always showed an attachment of the most devoted kind.

The drama is indebted to this great man for the important improvement of a third speaker to the dialogue, into which his genius infused greater ease and elegance. He likewise added the decoration of painted scenery; and he enhanced the effect of the drama much, by paying a stricter attention to probability and natural incident. From the sweetness of his style, he received among the ancients the appellation of the *æolus*; and the Athenians erected a sumptuous monument to his memory, on which was engraved a swarm of bees, in allusion to the above name given to him on account of his verses, which are indeed wonderfully soft and harmonious.

THE LAND OF SCOTT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE small vale of Borthwick Water, which starts off from the strath of the Teviot a little above Hawick, contains a scene which cannot well be overlooked in an article bearing such a title as the present—namely, Harden Castle, the original though now deserted seat of the family of Scott of Harden, from which, through the Raeburn branch, Sir Walter Scott was descended. This, though neglected alike by its proprietor and by tourists, is one of the most remarkable pieces of scenery which we, who have travelled over nearly the whole of Scotland, have yet seen within its shores. Conceive, first, the lonely pastoral beauty of the vale of Borthwick; next, a minor vale receding from its northern side, full of old and emaciated, but still beautiful wood: penetrating this recess for a little way, the traveller sees, perched upon a lofty height in front, and beaming perhaps in the sun, a house which, though not picturesque in its outline, derives that quality in a high degree from its situation and accompaniments. This is Harden House or Castle; but, though apparently near it, the wayfarer has yet to walk a long way around the height before he can wind his way into its immediate presence. When arrived at the platform whereon the house stands, he finds it degraded into a farm-house; its court forming perhaps a temporary cattle-yard; every ornament disgraced; every memorial of former grandeur seen through a slough of plebeian utility and homeliness, or broken into ruin. A pavement of black and white diced marble is found in the vestibule, every square of which is bruised to pieces, and the whole strewn with the details of a dairy. The dining-room, a large apartment with a richly ornamented stucco roof, is now used as the farmer's kitchen. Other parts of the house, still bearing the arms and initials of Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, great-grandfather of the present Mr Scott of Harden, and of his second wife, Helen Hepburn, are sunk in a scarcely less proportion. This nobleman was at first married to Mary Countess of Buccleuch, who died, however, without issue, leaving the succession open to her sister Anne, who became the wife of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, eldest natural son of Charles the Second. Through this family connection, the Earl of Tarras was induced to join in the conspiracy which usually bears the name of the Rye-house Plot, for which he was attainted, only saving his life by giving evidence against his more steadfast companion, Baillie of Jerviswood, the great-grandfather of another Scottish proprietor, who happens to be an immediate neighbour of Harden. It may be asked why Mr Scott does not inherit the title of his ancestor: the answer is, that it was only thought necessary to invest the husband of the Countess of Buccleuch with a title for his own life—which proves that the hereditary character of the peerage has not always been observed in our constitution. While all of this scene that springs from art is degraded and wretched, it is striking to see that its natural grandeur suffers no defalcation. The wide-sweeping hills stretch off grandly on all hands, and the celebrated *den*, from which the place has taken its name, still retains the

features which have rendered it so remarkable a natural curiosity. This is a large abyss in the earth, as it may be called, immediately under the walls of the house, and altogether unpervaded by running water—the banks clothed with trees of all kinds, and one side opening to the vale, though the bottom is much beneath the level of the surrounding ground. Old Wat of Harden—such is the popular name of an aged marauder, celebrated in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—used to keep the large herds which he had draughted out of the northern counties of England, in this strange hollow; and it seems to have been admirably adapted for the purpose. It was this border hero of whom the story is told somewhere by his illustrious descendant, that, coming once homeward with a goodly prey of cattle, and seeing a large hay-stack standing in a farm-yard by the way, he could not help saying, with some bitterness, "By my saul, an ye had four feet, ye should gang too!"

The house of Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott chiefly spent the last twenty years of his life, may be assumed as the centre of a great part of that region which we have styled *his*. This "romance in stone and lime," as some Frenchman termed it, is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at that part of its course where the river bursts forth from the mountainous region of the forest, into the more open country of Roxburghshire; two or three miles above the abbey of Melrose, and six-and-thirty from Edinburgh. Though upon a small scale, the Gothic battlements and turrets have a good effect, and would have a still better, if the site of the house were not somewhat straitened by the bank rising above it, and by the too close neighbourhood of the public road. Descriptions of the house, with its armoury, its library, its curiosities, and other particular features, have been given in so many different publications, that even a work circulating fifty thousand copies can hardly hope to find a reader to whom a new one would not be a bore. We shall, therefore, spare it. The house, if it be properly preserved, will certainly be perused by future generations as only a different kind of emanation of the genius of this wonderful man—though, preserve it as you will, it will probably be, of all his works, the soonest to perish.

All around Abbotsford, and what gave it a great part of its value in his eyes, are the scenes commemorated in Border history, and tradition, and song. The property itself comprises the spot on which the last feudal battle was fought in this part of the country. The abbey of Melrose and Dryburgh, the latter of which now contains the revered dust of the minstrel: the Eildon Hills, renowned in the annals of superstition; Selkirk, whose brave burghers won glory in the field where so much was lost by others, namely, at Flodden; Ettrick Forest, with its lone and storied dales; and Yarrow, whose stream and "dowie dens" are not to be surveyed without involuntary poetry; are all in the near neighbourhood of the spot. The love, the deep, heart-felt love, which Scott bore to the land which contains these places, was such as no stranger can appreciate. It was a passion absorbing many others which might have been expected to hold sway over him, and it survived to the last. We can, indeed, form no idea in connection with the decease of this great man, so very painful and so truly touching, as that of his parting with these fondly appreciated scenes. The sense that his eye must soon close for ever upon the hallowed region, which, from his earliest boyhood, he had surveyed with so many ardent feelings, was perhaps, to himself, a thought more deeply melancholy than almost any other which beset him during the rapidly closing evening of life.

There is a romantic point in the life of Sir Walter Scott, which has never yet been made known, even by a hint, to the public. This was his marriage—an event which was attended by circumstances entirely out of common life, and in themselves forming something like a novel. Owing to the distance of time, and the delicacy which was observed respecting many of these circumstances, there are now very few persons in life who possess any knowledge upon the subject: the following narrative, therefore, which is derived almost directly from one of the individuals principally concerned, will probably be read with interest.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about fifty years ago, was about to proceed upon his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Reverend Mr Burd, Dean of Carlisle, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association was the elopement of Madame Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case was to transmit his two children, a boy and girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother, under the general protection of Lord Downshire, till

at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment to India, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalization as a British subject, to Carpenter. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that two hundred pounds of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpenter in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her from forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the marquis. His lordship, having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies who could spend two hundred a-year. Mr Burd, having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter, till, a few days after, as he and Mrs Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the delicate health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a post-chaise, being the persons alluded to by the marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only as a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr Burd. Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this was in itself the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on account of the militia act, she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew any thing of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell intimately, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that, in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may be easily imagined that a desire of discussing the major was not *now* the sole bond of union between the parties. Mr Scott—for so he gave his name—had been impressed, during the earlier part of the evening, with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could have previously known nothing: she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day Mr Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and the next—in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened; and it is not improbable, notwithstanding the girl's love affair in which Miss Carpenter had been recently en-

gaged, that the effect was already in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was a vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr and Mrs Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction which Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr Scott was a respectable young man, and rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gillsland, wrote to this very Mrs Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and "what kind of a young lady was it, who was going to take Watly Scott?" The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter, and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four months of the first acquaintance of the parties.

The match, made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and amity. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she presided; and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to his children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully to his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

SKETCHES OF NORWAY.

To many, the name of Norway will convey only ideas of a bleak wintry region, almost deprived of every comfort, and fit only for the residence of a half-civilized unrefined people. But ideas of this description, however natural they may be, from the general ignorance which prevails regarding the country, will be greatly modified or dispelled on perusing the Narrative of a Journey through Norway and part of Sweden, performed by Mr H. D. Inglis, a young Scotsman, who, under the fictitious designation of Derwent Conway, has presented the world with a very amusing work, forming one of the volumes of Constable's Miscellany. By way of extending still more widely a knowledge of this interesting portion of the north of Europe, we take the liberty of condensing the following details from the publication to which we refer:—

Norway is a mountainous, and mostly a pastoral country,* with extensive forests of huge timber, once a staple article of export to this country, and well known for its excellent properties. Its people are a Scandinavian or Gothic race, characterized for those simple virtues common to nations holding little intercourse with the more polished kingdoms in their neighbourhood. Still retaining many of the ancient superstitious usages of their pagan ancestors, and being warmly attached to their country, they possess a variety of customs and peculiarities highly interesting to those who are unacquainted with them. Most people who have heard any thing of the state of manners of the northern nations, assign to them the practice of drinking deeply; and this, our traveller admits, is still the case among the Norwegians. All ranks, he tells us, drink freely, and the lower orders to excess. But it would appear that this originates, in a great measure, first, from the extraordinary cheapness of liquors, and, second, from the devoted patriotism of all classes of the people. In the enthusiastic love of country, every nation must yield to Norway. A Norwegian loves, reveres all that belongs to and distin-

guishes his native land—his mountains, his rocks, his forests, he would not exchange for the richest plains of the south. To a Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé*, which signify *Old Norway*, have a spell in them immediate and powerful. On festive occasions they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard in an instant repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus, "*For Norgé!*" the national song of Norway. In Scotland, "*The Land of Cakes*" is nearly an equivalent; but though Scotsmen drain their glasses to the patriotic toast, they do not, like the warm-hearted Norwegians, start to their feet, nor give that burst of enthusiasm which no circumstances have power to restrain.

The Norwegians possess in a high degree the primitive virtue of hospitality to strangers, and is described by our traveller as without a parallel. It is, in fact, looked upon as a national duty; and I believe, says he, that he who should omit to practise it, would be regarded by others in the same light as that in which a man is looked upon in England who commits an offence against the established proprieties of life. The hospitality of even the Highlands of Scotland—and to that we, at least, can bear ample testimony—he adds, cannot be compared with that of Norway, not only in the country, but in towns and cities. The arrival of a stranger in a town makes universal holiday; and the subject of deliberation is not "when shall we invite Mr —, for of course we must invite him," but "what contrivances can we fall upon to make this stranger recollect his stay in our town as the happiest time he ever passed." The cultivated tone of society in Christiansia, the capital of Norway, is at the same time described as certainly quite equal to that which is met with in the cities of the south. It is here as invariable a rule not to appear at a party in which there are ladies, unless in full dress, as it is in the first circles in England. The Norwegians, however, have a custom at entertainments, which at first sight seems scarcely accordant with a refined state of society: it is that of every guest, as he rises from the table, saying, as he bows to the lady of the mansion, *tack for maden*—thanks for your entertainment. And if any circumstance should have prevented the guest from making this acknowledgment, it is not forgotten by him for a week or weeks afterwards—the first time, in short, he may happen to see his entertainer—and is received as a thing expected.

The condition of the Norwegian ladies is described as being by no means enviable. Eating and drinking being the great business of life, the females in all ranks are reduced to the character of cooks and scullions. The greater the establishment the greater the slavery. The servants of the household are merely the assistants of the mistress. It is she who cooks and dresses the immense loads of victuals; it is she (or the daughters) who carries the dishes to the table; she who changes the plates, wipers the knives, waits upon the guests, and performs other duties elsewhere committed to servants. All this seems odd, but the Norwegian ladies consider their occupations as agreeable, and not inconsistent with the ordinary and polite amusements of society.

The Norwegians, as appears from the author before us, are not what we would consider as a people attached to the observances of Christianity; partly because their country, until very recent times, was under the delusions and idolatries of a hideous mythology, and partly from the scarcity both of an intelligent clergy and of bibles. The parishes are so large, and the country so rough and difficult, that the mass of the inhabitants have few opportunities of public edification; while in some places the price of a single bible is as much as a pound sterling, which, from the scarcity of money in Norway, is perhaps equivalent to ten pounds in this country. Yet there is no want of good morals among the people; and their honesty and other virtues would shame those who live in more highly favoured lands.

The following account of the climate and seasons in Norway is among the happiest pieces in the volume:—"There is one respect in which Norway possesses an advantage to the traveller over every other country in Europe: it is this, the variety of season in Norway; and, consequently, the various aspects under which nature presents herself in these seasons may all be witnessed by the traveller in the course of four months, June, July, August, and September. The spring in Norway does not extend beyond one month, summer occupies two, and autumn about six weeks. The mild weather, from the middle of April till towards the middle of May, serves only to melt the snows. The change from winter to spring is like the work of enchantment; for the disappearance of snow is not, as it is in England, followed by weeks of gradual growth, but rather seems to be but the lifting up of a veil, beneath which earth's green and flowery carpet has been concealed. From spring to summer, and from summer to autumn, the change, though not so apparently miraculous, is yet infinitely surprising. The fruit trees bud, blossom, and bend beneath the burden of fruit, all within three months; and the corn springs up, and waves a golden harvest, in considerably less time. From autumn to winter, the transition is as rapid as from winter to spring. September is generally calm, and its frosty nights change the hue of the trees, and wither the stalks. One day, the woods stand in full foliage, changed in nothing

from their summer aspect but in their hues; the next, a rushing wind comes from the north, strips them of their leafy glories, and perhaps even changes their summer vesture to the raiment of winter. In England, we are apt to form very exaggerated notions of the degree of cold which is experienced in the northern countries. When there is little or no wind, intense cold is scarcely felt to be an inconvenience, provided one be suitably clothed; and during by far the greater part of winter, the weather is calm, so that even when the thermometer stands below zero, one is able to move about comfortably, and even to enjoy the fine weather which so generally attends intense frost. I have suffered ten times the degree of cold travelling on a stage-coach in England, in the face of a north-east wind, than ever I suffered in a sledge in Norway, when the thermometer has been forty-seven degrees below the freezing point. Sometimes, indeed, the frost is accompanied by wind, and then it is scarcely possible to stir out of doors; but in the southern parts of Norway the combination of a very intense frost and a scurrying wind, is scarcely ever felt. It is true also, that, in the depth of winter, the shortness of the days does not allow many hours of clear bright sunshine; but then the houses are not built like summer houses, as many are in England; and stoves in the towns, and great wood fires in the country, and sometimes both, effectually oppose the power of the elements. There is not, in fact, a more comfortable abode than that of a substantial landowner or a thriving merchant on a winter's day in Norway. There are no cross airs blowing through the house, as in many of the unsubstantial dwellings in England; nor does one know what it is to have one part of the body scorched with the fire, while the other is suffering under the influence of cold; and I scarcely know any thing which can be compared to the luxury of sleeping between two eider-down beds." The purity of the atmosphere in Norway, and the exercise taken by the people, keep at a distance many of the complaints common to our population. Common coughs and colds, as well as rheumatic complaints, are extremely rare, which we esteem as a blessed peculiarity of any country; for colds are the commencement of a vast proportion of the diseases and deaths which occur in this island. It is further related, that the air has the effect of giving a keen appetite; and though the consumption of victuals is carried to a greater excess than in England, indigestion with its train of evils is unknown. The cure for diseases in Norway is simpler for fever, and every species of indisposition for which there is no definite name, the universal remedy is brandy, with a quantity of pepper mixed in it. If a man recover from a fever, it is the brandy and pepper that has accomplished the cure; if he die, his friends console themselves with the idea, that, if he had drunk it faster, or in greater quantities, he would still have lived. Hard drinking, it seems, does no injury to the hardy Scandinavian, who lives to a hale old age, till the last quaffing cups of his favourite brandy, and conscientiously believing that in every cup there is a drop of the true elixir of life.

Such is the character of the Norwegian climate, which, it is perceived, is much more pleasant and productive of longevity than is generally supposed. It is also remarkable that here garden fruits and vegetables come to high perfection, especially in sheltered situations. The most favourite, and one of the most useful fruits in Norway, is the cherry, the crop of which is scarcely ever known to fail: when ripe, the cherries are preserved in great quantities, for condiments and culinary purposes. Agriculture is still conducted in a slovenly manner; consequently the crops of corn are generally poor, and the quantity produced is very much diminished by the landowners devoting a considerable proportion to the distillation of what they term corn-brandy—a liquor in extensive requisition. Near Christiansia, the district is fertile, and much better cultivated, a large portion of the land being under tillage, indicating abundance and industry. Many of the valleys in this quarter are described as presenting as rich harvest prospects as are to be seen in Wilts or Somersetshire.

Nothing astonishes a stranger in Norway so much as the extreme cheapness of various articles, especially edibles. In the neat and beautifully situated city of Christiansia, which stands on an arm of the sea, studded with pretty woody islands, in the most pleasant part of the country, the expense of housekeeping bears no comparison with what is experienced in any part of Great Britain. For instance, we are informed that mutton is sold at from 3d. to 4d. per lb.; beef, 4d. to 5d.; butter, 8d.; a capon, 8d.; a hare, 4d.; a pheasant, 1s.; a wild duck, 6d.; eggs, 4d. a-dozen; salmon no more than a penny or a penny farthing per lb., and the salmon is delicious in flavour at this low price; sea fish is still lower; apples of the best quality 8d. per 100. As for the best French brandy, it can be had for 1s. per bottle, and common brandy at half that price. Game is abundant, and there being no game laws of any kind, it is always a cheap article of food; indeed, every peasant may enjoy it if he pleases. Vegetables, while in season, are also very low in price. We have heard not a little of the various places of cheap living in different quarters of the United Kingdom and on the Continent, but no place can come into comparison with the capital of Norway in this respect. This is certainly a place suited above all others for the residence of retired annuitants, whose incomes are limited, and who are not bound to reside in any

* It is bounded on the west and north by the Northern Ocean, and extends from 57 to 71 degrees north latitude. Politically, it is now joined to Sweden, of which Bernadotte is king.

particular part of the world. Here an excellent and commodious house, fit for the residence of a genteel English family, may be had at a rent of £20 per annum, without almost any vestige of additional taxation. We presume that for £100 a-year, a family might live as well in Christiana, or its charming environs, as they do in an English town at more than double that sum. In the remote parts of Norway, especially where fish abounds, the general charges are much lower. The outlays in travelling over this romantic region are not less reasonable. The charge for a couple of horses is about threepence an English mile, and a third in addition to the driver; so that we may post with two horses a hundred miles for 33s., instead of upwards of £10, which it would cost in England. To those fond of wandering with a dog and gun, or who take delight in the sports of the field, Norway, of course, offers additional advantage.

The stranger in Norway will not find those comforts in travelling which he experiences in this country, but neither will he see that mercenary spirit exercised, which every where predominates in England. For less than what he would here have to give the servants of an inn, he will pay the whole expenses of the road, and, if necessity requires, his application for shelter in the cottage of the peasant will not be answered gruffly, or refused. The Norwegians are an ingenious and worthy people, though too much addicted to the ancient and unprofitable practices of their forefathers. "A Norwegian (says our author), in his own cottage, with his few goats, his cow, his rye-field, his potato patch, and, above all, his fir log, is an industrious and ingenious member of society. One day you will find him building or repairing his boat; another day, constructing a little cart, or a sledge; a third day, he will be employed making a table, or carving a bowl, or thatching the roof of his cottage with turf or bark, or making a pair of boots, or mending a jacket, or embroidering a button-hole; or, if not in his cottage, or at the door, he is employed in the culture of his bit of land, or feeding his live stock, or catching fish for dinner. The Norwegian peasant possesses little of that knowledge which in England would be esteemed proof of the 'march of intellect.' He knows no theory that he cannot practise; but he can practise every thing that is requisite for his comfort. He can build his house, and construct hedges, and make his implements of husbandry, and yet he knows no principle of architecture, no problem in geometry, nor the name of any one of the five mechanical powers. He can distil his corn-brandy, and birch-wine, and make dye and use it; yet he knows nothing of chemistry." Such are the peasantry in this interesting northern land.

We conclude these sketches with a recommendation to our readers to procure and read the volume from whence they are drawn, being convinced that its perusal will afford them much both of entertainment and instruction.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

THE object of the present sketch was by birth an American, and, like his contemporary and countryman Benjamin Franklin, whose philosophical pursuits were somewhat akin to his own, he deserves the attention of our youthful readers, from the circumstance of his having risen by application, and the strength of his genius, from an obscure station in society, to take an honourable place among the most distinguished men of his day.

David Rittenhouse, whose name has been celebrated in the annals of astronomical science, was born near Germantown, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of April 1732. His family, which was of Dutch extraction, were the first who engaged in the manufacture of paper in this country. The father of David Rittenhouse abandoned the occupation of a paper-maker, when about twenty-nine years of age, and commenced the business of a farmer, on a piece of land which he had purchased in the township of Norriton, about twenty miles from the city of Philadelphia. It seems that he very early designed his son for this useful and respectable employment. Accordingly, as soon as the boy arrived at a sufficient age to assist in conducting the affairs of the farm, he was occupied as a husbandman. This kind of occupation appears to have commenced at an early period of his life. About the fourteenth year of his age, he was employed in ploughing in his father's fields. His brother Benjamin relates, that while David was thus engaged at the plough, he (the informant), then a young boy, was frequently sent to call him to his meals; at which times he repeatedly observed, that not only the fences at the head of many of the furrows, but even his ploughs and its handles, were covered over with chalked numerical figures. Astronomy was a favourite pursuit. He also applied himself industriously to the study of optics, the mechanical powers, &c., without the advantages of the least instruction. About the seventeenth year of his age, he made a wooden clock, of very ingenious workmanship; and soon after, he constructed one of the same materials that compose the common four-and-twenty hour clock, and upon the same principles. He had, much earlier in life exhibited proofs of his mechanical genius, by

making, when only seven or eight years old, a complete water-mill in miniature.

With many valuable traits of character, old Mr Rittenhouse had no claims to what is termed genius. Hence he did not properly appreciate the early specimens of talent which appeared in his son David. He was for some time opposed to the young man's earnest desire to renounce agricultural employments, for the purpose of devoting himself altogether to philosophical pursuits, in connection with some such mechanical profession as might best comport with useful objects of natural philosophy, and be most likely, at the same time, to afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. At length, however, the father yielded his own inclinations, in order to gratify what was manifestly the irresistible impulse of his son's genius. He supplied him with money to purchase, in Philadelphia, such tools as were more immediately necessary for commencing the clock-making business, which the son then adopted as his profession. About the same time, young Mr Rittenhouse erected, on the side of a public road and on his father's land, in the township of Norriton, a small but commodious workshop; and after having made many implements of the trade with his own hands, to supply the deficiency in his purchased stock, he set out in good earnest, as a clock and mathematical instrument maker. From the age of eighteen or nineteen to twenty-five, Mr Rittenhouse applied himself unremittingly, both to his trade and his studies. Employed throughout the day in his attention to the former, he devoted much of his nights to the latter. Indeed, he deprived himself of the necessary hours of rest; for it was his almost invariable practice to sit up at his books until midnight, sometimes much later.

When Mr Rittenhouse's father established his residence at Norriton, and during the minority of the son, there were no schools in the vicinity at which any thing more was taught than reading and writing in the English language, and the simplest rules of arithmetic. Young Rittenhouse's school education was therefore necessarily bounded by very narrow limits. He was in truth taught nothing beyond those very circumscribed studies which have been named, prior to his nineteenth year. The zeal with which he pursued his studies will be seen from the following extract of a letter, written in September 1756, being then little more than twenty-four years of age. "I have not health for a soldier" (the country was then engaged in war), "and as I have no expectation of serving my country in that way, I am spending my time in the old trifling manner, and am so taken with optics, that I do not know whether, if the enemy should invade this part of the country, as Archimedes was slain while making geometrical figures on the sand, so I should die making a telescope."

It was during the residence of Rittenhouse with his father at Norriton, that he made himself master of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, which he read in the English translation of Mr Motte. It was here, likewise, that he became acquainted with the science of fluxions, of which sublime invention he believed himself for a while to be the author; nor did he know for some years afterwards that a contest had been carried on between Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz, for the honour of that great and useful discovery. Mr Rittenhouse's early zeal of his practical researches into astronomy, prompted him to desire the greatest possible accuracy in the construction of time-pieces adapted to astronomical purposes; and uniting, as he did, operative skill with a thorough knowledge of the principles upon which their construction depends, he was enabled, by his own mechanical ingenuity, to gain a near approach to the perfection to which the pendulum-chronometer may be brought.

The great accuracy and exquisite workmanship displayed in every thing belonging to the profession which Mr Rittenhouse pursued, that came through his hands, soon became extensively known in that portion of the United States where he lived. This knowledge of his mechanical abilities, assisted by the reputation which he had already acquired as a mathematician and astronomer, in a short time procured him the friendship and patronage of some eminent scientific men. In mechanics he was entirely self-taught. He never received the least instruction from any person, in any mechanic art whatever. If he were to be considered merely as an excellent artist, in an occupation intimately connected with the science of mechanics, untutored as he was in any art or science, he would deservedly be deemed an extraordinary man.

In the year 1767, among other things he contrived and made a very ingenious thermometer, constructed on the principle of the expansion and contraction of metals by heat and cold respectively.

About this time also he made a very ingenious orrery. Though no description in words can give an adequate idea, yet we subjoin a part of the philosopher's own account of it. "This machine is intended to have three faces standing perpendicular to the horizon; that in the front to be four feet square, made of sheet brass, curiously polished, silvered, and painted, in proper places, and otherwise properly ornamented. From the centre arises an axis, to support a gilded brass ball, intended to represent the sun. Round this ball move others, made of brass or ivory, to represent the planets. They are to move in elliptical orbits, having the central ball in one focus; and their motions to be sometimes swifter, and sometimes slower, as nearly according to the true law of an equable de-

scription of areas as possible, without too great a complication of wheel-work. The orbit of each planet is likewise to be properly inclined to those of the others; and their aphelia and nodes justly placed; and their velocities so accurately adjusted as not to differ sensibly from the tables of astronomy in some thousands of years.

"For the greater beauty of the instrument, the balls representing the planets are to be of considerable bigness, but so contrived that they may be taken off at pleasure, and others, much smaller, and fitter for some purposes, put in their places.

"When the machine is put in motion, by the turning of a winch, there are three indexes which point out the hour of the day, the day of the month, and the year answering to that situation of the heavenly bodies which is there represented; and so continually, for a period of five thousand years, either forwards or backwards."

Another most important service which he rendered for the world was the observation of the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which took place on the 3d of June 1769. There had been but one of these transits of Venus over the sun during the course of about one hundred and thirty years preceding that of 1769; and for upwards of seven centuries, antecedently to the commencement of that period, the same planet had passed over the sun's disc no more than thirteen times. The next transit of Venus will take place on the 8th of December 1874.

The great use of the observation of the transit of Venus is to determine the sun's parallax, or apparent change of its place. Only two of these phenomena had been observed since the creation of the world, and the first had been seen by only two persons—Jeremiah Horrox and William Crabtree, two Englishmen. As the time approached when this extraordinary phenomenon was to manifest itself, the public expectation and anxiety were greatly excited. The American Philosophical Society appointed thirteen gentlemen, to be distributed into three committees, for the purpose of making observations. The Rev. Dr Ewing had the principal direction of the observatory in the city of Philadelphia; Mr Owen Biddle had the charge of superintending the observations at Cape Henlopen, and Mr Rittenhouse those at Norriton, near his own residence, on an elevated piece of ground, commanding a good range of horizontal view. It was completely furnished with the necessary instruments, owing very much to the liberality of some scientific gentlemen in England.

"We are naturally led," says Dr Rush, in his eulogium, "to take a view of our philosopher, with his associates, in their preparations to observe a phenomenon which had never been seen but twice before by any inhabitant of our earth, which would never be seen again by any person then living, and on which depended very important astronomical consequences. The night before the long-expected day was probably passed in a degree of solicitude which precluded sleep. How great must have been their joy when they beheld the morning sun, and the 'whole horizon without a cloud!' for such is the description of the day given by Mr Rittenhouse, in his report to Dr Smith. In pensive silence and trembling anxiety, they waited for the predicted moment of observation; it came, and brought with it all that had been wished for, and expected, by those who saw it. In our philosopher, in the instant of one of the contacts of the planet with the sun, there was an emotion of delight so exquisite and powerful as to induce fainting; such was the extent of that pleasure which attends the discovery or first perception of truth."

The observations of Mr Rittenhouse were received with great favour by the whole philosophical world. Mr Ludlam, one of the vice-presidents of the Philosophical Society of London, and an eminent astronomer, thus writes:—"No astronomer could better deserve all possible encouragement, whether we consider their care and diligence in making their observations, their fidelity in relating what was done, or the clearness and accuracy of their reasoning on this curious and difficult subject. The more I read the transactions of your society (the American Philosophical), the more I honour and esteem the members of it. There is not another society in the world that can boast of a member such as Mr Rittenhouse; theorist enough to encounter the problems of determining, from a few observations, the orbit of a comet, and also mechanic enough to make with his own hands an equal-altitude instrument, a transit-telescope, and a time-piece."

Rittenhouse now pursued an honourable and distinguished career as an astronomer. As a testimony of the high sense which the legislature of Pennsylvania entertained of his mathematical genius and mechanical abilities, it presented him the sum of three hundred pounds. In 1791, on the death of Dr Franklin, he was elected president of the American Philosophical Society, and in 1795 he was elected a member of the Royal Society of London. But he did not live long to enjoy his distinguished honours. He died in June 1796, soon after his entrance upon his sixty-fifth year. He was a very modest and unassuming man, and in this strikingly resembled Sir Isaac Newton, for whose character and works he had the highest veneration. His usefulness, though great, was considerably circumscribed by his want of an early education. In consequence of this, he felt an unbecoming diffidence in his own powers, and failed to commit his discoveries and thoughts to writing, which, in a

published form, would doubtless have eminently increased his usefulness, and the honour of the country which gave him birth.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DOG.

THE services of this truly valuable animal have been so eminently useful to the domestic interests of man in all ages of the world, that to give a history of the dog would be little less than to trace mankind back to their original state of simplicity and freedom, to mark the progress of civilization through the various changes of the world, and to follow attentively the gradual advancement of that order which placed man at the head of the animal kingdom, and gave him a manifest superiority over every part of the brute creation.

Of all animals, the dog seems most susceptible of change, and most easily modified by difference of climate, food, and education. Not only the figure of his body, but his faculties, habits, and dispositions, vary in a surprising manner. Nothing appears constant in them but their internal conformation, which is alike in all; in every other respect they are dissimilar: they vary in size, in figure, in length of the nose and shape of the head, in the length and direction of the ears and tail, in the colour, quality, and quantity of the hair, and in other particulars. To enumerate the different kinds, or to mark the discriminations by which each is distinguished, would be a task as fruitless as it would be nearly impossible. To account for this wonderful variety, or investigate the character of the principal stock from which they have sprung, would be attended with no less difficulty. Of this we are certain, that in every age dogs have been found possessed of qualities most admirably adapted for the various purposes to which they have been from time to time applied. We know, in the history of the cow and sheep, that those animals which have been long under the dominion of man never preserve the stamp of nature in its original purity. In wild animals, which enjoy their natural freedom from restraint, and have the independent choice of food and climate, this impression is still faithfully preserved; but those which man has subdued, transported from climate to climate, and their food, habits, and manner of living changed, must necessarily have suffered the greatest alterations of form; and as the dog, of all other domestic animals, is most accustomed to this influence, is endowed with dispositions the most docile and obedient, is susceptible of every impression, and submissive to every restraint, we need not wonder that he should be subject to the greatest variety.

Naturalists suppose that all the different varieties of dogs had their origin in the colley, or shepherd's dog.

The acute intelligence and keenness of observation in the dog are well illustrated by the following moving anecdote from the pen of Dibdin:—"The grandfather of an amiable man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valued friends, had a dog of a most endearing disposition. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe once a month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when he first lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time for his return approached, which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on the road, at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom, away he ran, and to a certainty, met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his glances, with which he ran, or rather flew, home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, he again darted out of the house, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home. I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however, till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journeys. The dog by this time was also grown old, and became at length quite blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from other persons, and for whom his affections and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman after a short illness died; the dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed it being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a stranger come into the house, and rose to meet him. His master, when old and infirm, had worn ribbed stockings for warmth. This gentleman had stockings on of the same kind. The dog, from this resemblance, thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but upon

farther examination, finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where in a short time he expired."*

THE WOLF.

The specific characters of the wolf and dog are so nearly the same, that a particular description of its form is unnecessary. One of the leading distinctions is, that the eyes of the wolf are placed more obliquely than those of the dog, which gives it a character of savage fierceness; its tail is long and bushy, which it never carries erect, but always in a hanging position, rather bending inwards between its hind legs.

Wolves differ considerably in colour and size, according to the species and variety. They inhabit every quarter of the globe, and have great strength. Their disposition is fierce and cruel; they associate in large packs, and frequently spread desolation in the districts they invade.

Notwithstanding this savage and malignant disposition, the wolf is a cowardly and sneaking animal: he is jealous that every object which he meets with is a snare to entrap him. In Lapland, if he comes upon a rein-deer tied to a post to be milked, he will not venture to approach it, lest the animal should be placed there as a decoy for him; but no sooner is the deer set at liberty than he commences a pursuit, and seldom fails to destroy him. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the deer gets irritated, and stands at bay, in which event the wolf instantly becomes intimidated, and desists from the attack. Hunger alone can stimulate him to determined courage. In that case he will then brave every danger, and attack animals which are under the immediate protection of man; and even man himself frequently falls a victim to the united attacks of wolves. It is said, that, after having tasted human blood, he prefers it to all other. This has given rise to many superstitious stories regarding him.

In all ages of the world, the wolf has been regarded as the direct or indirect enemy of man, and many schemes have been invented to get rid of this ferocious animal. Pitfalls, traps, and other engines of destruction, have been employed for his capture, and poison has also been successfully used. He has long since been expelled from Britain.

In early times, wolves were very plentiful in England, and committed great havoc amongst the flocks. King Edgar, to encourage their destruction, in many cases commuted the punishment of criminals into a requisition of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each, according to the degree of the offence. A Welsh prince who paid tribute to him was oppressively ordained, instead of money, to produce annually three hundred heads of wolves. According to Hollinshed, the flocks in Scotland suffered much from the ravages of wolves in 1577; and it was not till about a century afterwards that they were wholly extirpated. The last wolf known in Scotland was destroyed at Lochaber, by Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, who died in 1719. They infested Ireland many centuries after their extinction in Britain; the last presentment for killing wolves was made in the county of Cork, about the year 1710.

The female goes with young about three months and a half, and brings forth five or six young ones.

Sir Ashton Lever had a wolf whose savage propensities were entirely subdued, and there are many other instances on record. Buffon procured several while young, and brought them up, and by using gentle means they were soon domesticated. During the first year they were generally very docile, and fawned upon him like a dog; but at eighteen months or two years their savage nature began to betray itself, at which period it became necessary to chain them, to prevent their escape. Before this they were allowed to range at large, and he always kept them in a yard associated with poultry, which they never touched; however, one of them, when eighteen months old, for his first essay, attacked and killed the whole of his poultry in a single night, which seemed to arise from pure mischief, as he did not eat one of them.

A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy-le-Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day looking through the hedge of his garden, noticed a wolf walking round about his mule, but was unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the mule ran off to a neighbouring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory. But in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spouted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leapt upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

On the 10th of January 1830, a frightful event spread terror throughout the neighbourhood of Eaux-Bonnes, in the department of Basses Pyrenees. The

curate of the little village of Aha, situated on the mountain, was returning home on horseback after administering the sacrament, when he was surrounded by wolves, which precipitated themselves upon him and his horse with all the ferocity occasioned by hunger. A number of bones and fragments of flesh which were strewn about, as well as the traces of blood with which the snow was crimsoned, left no doubt of the horrible fate of the unfortunate clergyman, who fell a victim to his pious zeal.

The wolves driven by the cold and hunger from their haunts in the Pyrenees, having spread themselves in vast bands over the country, at the time the above occurrence took place, orders were given at Pau, by the prefect of the department, for a general battue, or chase, on the 22d of January. The country magistrates, having received the instructions requisite for this chase, set out accordingly, accompanied by all and sundry, for the general chase, and relieved the extensive district from these dangerous visitors, by killing many, and driving the rest to their native fastnesses.

M. F. Cuvier relates the following instance of the fidelity and affection of a tame wolf, which was brought up like a dog, and became familiar with every person he was in the habit of seeing. He followed his master every where, seemed to suffer grief for his absence, was obedient to his voice, and differed in nothing from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the royal menagerie at Paris. Here he was shut up in a compartment, and remained for many weeks, exhibiting every mark of grief, and almost without eating. In time, however, he attached himself to his keepers, and seemed reconciled to his fate, when, after an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. He took the earliest opportunity of visiting the menagerie, to see his favourite. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, though it did not see him in the crowd, recognised his voice, and testified his joy by motions and cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his master with caresses, like the most attached dog. His master being obliged to quit him a second time, the same melancholy symptoms appeared in the wolf, which gradually wore off in time, and he resumed his wonted placidity. At this time a young dog was given him as a companion, of which he became doctingly fond. His master again returned, and in most dogs all remembrance of him would have been lost in so long an absence. He again visited the menagerie to see the animal. It was evening when he reached it, and all was shut up. He spoke through the shutters, and the instant he heard the voice of his master, he intimated his recognition of it, by long and repeated howling, indicative of his desire to get released. The door to his cell being opened, the wolf sprung out, leaped with his fore-paws on his master's shoulders, licked his face all over, and when his keepers offered to approach, he indicated his displeasure by exhibiting his teeth, to whom but a few minutes before he had been evincing the most kind affection. Circumstances again rendered a separation necessary, which seemed more deeply to affect the attached animal than on any of the former occasions: he became sad and immovable, refusing all kind of food for so long a period that his death was apprehended. At the end of a week he was literally reduced to skin and bone. He however again rallied his spirits; time softened his grief; and his keepers re-acquired their wonted ascendancy and his attachment.

In the commencement of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, in the depth of winter and of the snows, a large party of dragoons were attacked, near Pontcharlier, at the foot of the mountains of Jurat, by a multitude of wolves: the dragoons fought bravely, and killed many hundreds of them; but at last, overpowered by numbers, they and their horses were all devoured. A cross is erected on the place of combat, with an inscription, in commemoration of it, which is to be seen at this day.

In the summer of 1824, a singular equipage was seen for upwards of six months in the streets of Munich. It was a calash, drawn by two enormous wolves, which M. W. K., formerly a merchant at St Petersburg, found very young in a wood near Wilna, and which he had so well tamed, that they had all the docility of horses. These animals were harnessed exactly like our carriage horses, and had completely lost their ferocious instinct.

In the Duke of Wirtemberg's castle at Louisburg, is to be seen, among other paintings on sporting subjects, a picture of a black wolf. This wolf was called Melac, which was the name of a French robber, well known at Wirtemberg and the palatinate. Melac used to be the constant companion of the duke, and always slept at his bed-side. He once followed him upon a campaign in the countries beyond the Rhine; but as the armies kept the field till late in the autumn, the wolf was found one day at the duke's chamber in the castle of Louisburg, without any one being able to conjecture how he had crossed the Rhine. In the year 1711, he followed his master to the coronation of the emperor at Frankfurt; but being annoyed by the frequent discharges of artillery which took place upon that occasion, he set off privately, and arrived in safety at Louisburg. He remained faithful to his master till his death, but it was not safe for any other person to trust him. Once he bit a piece out of an officer's cheek, without any provocation; and in various other instances he displayed similar ferocity.

* Abridged from Biography of Self-taught Men. Boston, 1832.

* As we design to devote a whole number of our "Information for the People" to "The Dog," it is unnecessary to extend the above sketches with anecdotes of that faithful and valuable animal.

CELEBRATED LIBRARIES.

It is well known to every scholar how intimately connected with the progress of literature is the history of the institution of those great public libraries in which the works of the learned, both in ancient and in modern times, were deposited. Whilst these establishments preserved in safety the writings of those illustrious authors, they afforded the best, and, on many occasions, the only opportunity that mankind possessed of obtaining information. Besides, before the invention of the art of printing, it was commonly in libraries that persons were to be found who were capable of transcribing correctly the works of eminent writers. Copies were thus multiplied, and in such places they were in general only to be purchased.

Books were so dear that hardly any persons, unless such as were possessed of extraordinary wealth, durst attempt to form a library. The most celebrated libraries of antiquity were those of Alexandria, and their history is as disastrous as can well be imagined. The first was founded by Ptolemy Soter about three centuries before the Christian era. It was for the use of an academy he instituted in Alexandria, and by continual additions made by his successors, it at last became the finest library in the world, containing no fewer than seven hundred thousand volumes. In the war carried on by Julius Cæsar, more than the one half were destroyed. Another library in the same city, however, still remained, and here Cleopatra deposited two hundred thousand volumes of the Pergamean library, with which Marc Antony had presented her. Though often plundered during the revolutions of the Roman empire, yet it was again and again repaired. Towards the middle of the sixth century, Alexandria was taken by storm by the Saracens; and for six months the library served to supply fuel to the fires in the city. By this means it was altogether consumed, and the modern world deprived of almost all that the wisdom and genius of the ancient world had produced.

ITALIAN LIBRARIES.

It appears from ecclesiastical history that some Christian churches early began to form libraries. It is probable that the books thus collected principally consisted of the Scriptures, though in process of time some of the works of the most popular fathers of the church might be also included. The places where these books were kept were not called by one name. Sometimes they were called *Archidia*, *Serinia*, or *Bibliotheca*. These three words seem to have been indiscriminately used, but are always applied to denote the same purpose—a place where books or records were preserved. When the views of the ecclesiastical rulers began to extend, and they aspired to the possession of civil influence and power, they saw the utility and necessity of having some place of safety where their valuable papers might be lodged. They could then be arranged under general heads, and when there was occasion, they could be consulted without much trouble. Libraries did not solely consist of books or treatises upon theology, general literature, history, &c., which was the original design of their being founded, but were also repositories where papers of every description were laid up. Some of the more enterprising popes issued the most express and peremptory commands, that all papers of a certain description (and of which the titles were published) should be deposited in the libraries of the church. The list is by far too long to introduce in this place, but the following is a very brief specimen of the nature of this curious document: It was ordered, that in such places there should be laid up all bonds, bills, deeds, charters, papers regarding donations, exchange of property, traditions, authentic writings of agreements, contracts, &c.

Very considerable expense was necessarily incurred in erecting the building, and in the preservation of the library in some places. Besides, searchers for books, who were called *conquistadores*, were hired at a very high price. It constituted a distinct profession, and none could practise it successfully who had not character, interest, as well as money to advance to the proprietor of the work, as a security that the manuscript should be returned in the same condition in which he received it. The money paid to transcribers amounted in some instances to large sums. According to Eusebius, the Emperor Constantine was very munificent in rewarding both the collectors and the transcribers of books, particularly the sacred writings. For this purpose, money was drawn from the imperial treasury.

By far the largest Italian library, and that which was first founded, was called the Lateran. It was built upon Mount Cælius at Rome. It is much controverted by different writers in what year it began to be erected. It seems to be impossible to ascertain this, but it does not admit of a doubt that it was very ancient. In the fourteenth century, however, when Pope Clement the Fifth removed to Avignon, in France, he carried this library along with him. After the lapse of many years, Pope Martin the Fifth regained the authority which his predecessors had lost, and a great part of this library was brought back to Rome. It was not placed on the Lateran, but on the hill called the Vatican, where he chose to fix his residence. The books were in the greatest confusion, no steps having been taken to make out a proper catalogue of them; neither was there suitable accommodation for so large a collection. Pope Sixtus the Fourth, who had a taste

for literature, being sensible of these and other disadvantages, set himself to correct the abuses which had been allowed to creep into the management of the library, principally through the carelessness of those who had the charge of it. Many of the most valuable manuscripts had been allowed to run to waste through want of air, dampness, &c., but many more had been entirely abstracted, or much mutilated by the hands of men.

Sixtus may be considered as the founder of the Vatican library, for it was he that erected the present building in a convenient situation, so as to be easy of access, and made it of such a size as to be capable of containing the great collection which had been accumulated by his predecessors, as well as the additions that he himself was determined to make to it. He fitted it up with proper book-presses, and other accommodations not only necessary for the preservation of the books, but also suited to the convenience of the learned men who might consult them.

Having proceeded thus far, his next object was to store it with the choicest books which the library most needed, and that he could collect throughout Europe. No person had equal opportunities of doing this to the best advantage as Sixtus. He was at the head of the Catholic church, and was in those days not only supreme in ecclesiastical affairs, but in civil also. He entered with uncommon ardour and zeal upon the enterprise, and his endeavours were accompanied with corresponding success. In a short time, comparatively, it excelled, beyond any sort of comparison, every thing of the kind that had ever been in Europe. It was well furnished with the works of the best and most ancient authors, written on parchment. Their number exceeded six thousand. That the books might be preserved with care, and additions made as opportunities offered, besides liberal donations in his own lifetime, he for ever set apart the sum of one hundred crowns, which the College of the Writers of Apostolic Letters was accustomed to present yearly to the Roman pontiffs. This sum was in that age considerable, and it was to be divided among the chief librarian, the keepers, the correctors, the transcribers, and him whose office it was to sweep the library; but the proportion which each was to receive is not mentioned.

He who presided over the library had originally various duties to perform. He was generally called bibliothecarius, and sometimes cancellarius, or chief scribe, or notary. His business was most carefully to watch over the library, and all the volumes it contained; in short, all its manuscripts, on whatever substance they might be written; also, to write the bulls of the pope, that is, his briefs, mandates, or licences, called bulls, from the leaden and sometimes golden seals affixed thereto; his diplomas or decretals, which was the name given to the letters of popes, and, if necessary, to dictate them; to copy out and preserve the acts of councils and synods; and, in short, to perform all the offices to the Roman pontiff that are now performed by his chancellor. He was considered to be the pope's chief amanuensis, or secretary.

The pope's librarian occasionally received great marks of favour from his employer. Thus, in 1475, Pope Sixtus issued a leaden bull, constituting the celebrated Bartholomew Platina perpetual keeper of the library, and allowed him a monthly salary of ten crowns, besides board for himself and his three servants, and food for one horse. He also annexed to his office the royal perquisites which it was the custom to bestow upon the members of the pope's household. These consisted of firewood, salt, vinegar, candles, oil, brushes, and such like. The same Pope Sixtus, about forty years after the art of printing had been invented, appointed a Latin, a Greek, and a Hebrew librarian, who had each separate departments assigned to them. Pope Paul the Fourth doubled the salary to a transcriber of Greek manuscripts, and added other three librarians—two who had the charge of the Greek, and one of the Latin department. To each of these he assigned a small salary. He also added a corrector of the Greek books, to whom he allowed ten crowns monthly.

Before and at the revival of learning in Europe, the Vatican library was the place of the daily resort of learned men. No library in Europe contains so great a number of very ancient manuscripts of the best authors who have treated of the different arts and sciences. They are written in very various languages, but chiefly in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Many of these are of an older date than any manuscripts which are known to exist, and some of them are unique, or to be found no where else.

When literature began to revive, innumerable applications were made to the pope, soliciting him to publish a catalogue of the manuscripts in the Vatican library. The publication of such a work, it was strongly urged, would incite learned men to apply their minds with greater ardour to the illustration of the writings of the ancients. Multitudes would flock to Rome—many Greek and Latin authors whose works had lain hid in obscurity would be discovered—and the errors of such of the editions as had been printed, but were very corrupted, mutilated, and imperfect, would thus be corrected. It is a curious fact in literary history, that the first work of this kind was published at Aushurg, in Germany, but it was after printing was invented. It contained a catalogue of the Greek and Latin classics, as well as of the fathers whose works had seen the light, and the learned were invited to compare the readings in the common

editions with those that were to be found in manuscripts. Something similar was also performed by order of Francis the First and Henry the Second, Kings of France, as well as by Cosmo de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Besides the Vatican, there were other distinguished libraries at Rome—such as that of the College of the Canons of St Peter, in the Vatican; that of the very learned Cardinal Sirletus, which was particularly well stored with Greek authors—this library was valued at 20,000 crowns; that of Cardinal Columna; the Sforzian and the Farnesian libraries, which abounded in Greek books. There were also a very great number of private libraries, containing many rare books and precious curiosities. Of this description was that which belonged to Fulvius Ursinus, a native of Rome, and an eminent Greek and Latin scholar. Another was the property of Aldus Manutius, the son of Paulus, and grandson of Aldus, and had been chiefly collected by himself. The learned had at all times ready access to these vast collections. Aldus, who was only a middle-aged man, at his death left his library, which consisted of 80,000 books, to the university of Pisa, in Tuscany. That which belonged to Sirletus was purchased by Cardinal Columna for 14,000 crowns. He appointed keepers to take care of it, with a liberal salary, and also provided perpetual funds for its increase.

There were two other celebrated libraries in Italy, the one founded by the Duke of Florence and the other by the Duke of Umbria—the former remarkable for its excellent collection of Greek books, and the other for its mathematical. The Medicean library at Florence is dedicated by Pope Clement the Seventh to God and the holy guardians of the family of Medici. The books, he says, were collected from every quarter, and are intended for the honour of his native country and the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Cosmo de Medici, the grand duke, completed this library upon the 11th July 1571.

MISCELLANEA.

LANDING IN INDIA.—Nothing can be more ludicrous than a young Englishman's first landing in Calcutta. The shore is thronged with the swarthy natives eagerly awaiting his arrival. Innumerable palanquins are brought down to the boat, and the bearers, like the stage-coachmen where rivalry exists, are all violently struggling to procure a passenger. The bewildered stranger is puzzled which to choose; and when he has made up his mind, he finds it no easy matter to jostle through the countless conveyances which completely surround him. He is also sure to make some laughable mistake in entering the palanquin. It requires a certain tact to steady the vehicle as you throw yourself into it, or it is apt to turn over like a sailor's swinging cot. Another ridiculous error which a stranger is liable to, is his endeavouring to seat himself on the little drawer inside, supposing it to be intended for that purpose. But he soon finds, after having doubled himself up like people passing on a coach-top under a low gateway, that it would be utterly impossible to remain long in that position, unless the human back were as pliable as a piece of whalebone. After all, perhaps, the bearers are compelled to rest the palanquin on the ground, and the abashed stranger, creeping hastily in, is glad to escape from the ill-suppressed smiles of the surrounding multitude.

MAGNA CHARTA.—It is remarkable that the original of this great charter was suffered to remain in private hands. When Archbishop Laud was committed to the Black Rod, it is thought that Warner, Bishop of Rochester, whom he sent to secure his important papers, removed this among the rest. However this may have been, it was given to Burnett himself by Colonel Lee, a descendant of Warner. What has now become of it?

ATHENIAN SOUP.—The Athenians sometimes had their soups served up in the stewing-pans in which they were made. The form of these utensils resembled that of our tureens, and the material was a kind of porcelain. It appears also from Plato, that the spoons were of sycamore, as that wood was thought to communicate a better scent and flavour to the soups.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—When Alexander was suing for divine honours, and the Athenians wished to testify their independence by refusing him a place in the skies—"Have a care," said Demades to them advisingly, "lest, when you seem to guard heaven, you in reality lose earth!"

REPLY OF ARCHELAUS.—A garrulous barber, happening to be called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "How shall I shave you, sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

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